THE LOVER IN HADES.

PERSEPHONE. Now take and eat, and have release;
And memory, and longing leave.
Then shall the seasons pass in peace
Wherein thou dost not grieve.
Thou wouldst not suffer for love's sake
Longer, and longer idly crave! THE LOVER.

The pomegranate I will not take,
Nor drink the mystle wave:
I had a lady, passing dear,
And falt, beneath Earth's windy skies—
And but one joy I fall of here—
To look into her eyes.
And if she keep my memory,
I know mine shall be sadder yet.
But if she quite forgetteth me,
Yet will I not forget.

THE DEAN'S SISTER.

The days on which the Peninsular and Oriental steamships touch at Malte are days of mortification to the ordinary guests at Durnsford's. For a few hours the white corner house with the green shutters is given up to Babel. A crawd of people, fusters is given up to Babel. A crowd of people, fus-sily important because they are bound to the East or from the East, pour into the hotel, talking loudly in the passages—about Shepheard's or Co-lombo—and driving into corners the timid resi-dents, to whom yesterday Durnsford's was a home. They engross, these new-comers, the jalousied win-dows, they monopolize the shady balconies' and standing on these turn up their nesse even at Gov-erment House. As for the luncheon table, they sweep down upon it like harpies, and drive the waiters crazy. Beppo resigns himself to tears. Angelo, a man of sterner stuff, locks himself in the china closet, and utters dainty onths in lingua Franca.

Franca.

All this occurs on an average once a week; and as often, the hotel lions, with certain exceptions, become lions couchant and passant. On a certain Friday in last February the storm raged about the house with quite phenomenal fury; and there were two exceptions, and two only. They were the Dean of Dromore and his daughter. It was strange. No one took their places. No one opened the window behind them, or snatched away the dish while their hands hung fateful over the ripest mandarin, or did any of the things to them which drove common people—nay, even Lady Druitt and her nicec—to beat an early retreat.

But then the dean was one of a thousand; a man

But then the dean was one of a thousand; a man of portly, handsome presence, tall, fresh-colored, clean-shaven. His manner smacked of Eton, and command. Blue-jackets and marines looked after bits in command. Blue-jackets and marines looked after him in the street, and the former speke of him as 'that there king.' At the Union Club it was whispered that good judges had taken him for President Grevy, the Cardinal Legate (in multi-bus), and the Bishop of Gibraltar. It was certain that he had condescended to the Governor, and set the Admiral right on a point of taeties.

Even now as he set destrips with an old friend.

the Admiral right on a point of tactics.

Even now, as he sat chatting with an old friend who had come in by the Surat, he had an indulting will for the saturnalia that reigned about him. But he was otherwise unmoved by it. 'And so you are going to India for another spell of duty?' he was saying.

'Yes, it is better than being haid on the shelf,' the colonel replied. 'And you? You are taking life easily, I suppose? How long have you been here?" His eyes strayed as he spoke to someone sitting opposite him.

'How long?' the dean said, noting the direction

stick.

For Major Macdonald, though he twirled his moustache—it was reddish, and his face was freckled—and swaggered a little as he passed the club, he made but a poor show. He had no longer a will of his own, and the men at the club window knew it. He had lost his heart, and Mary knew it. He had nothing to say, and thought himself inexpressibly stupid. He made no resistance even when the dean presently shook him off; but went away to mope alone. But courage, Major! Perhaps some one found the gallant veteran's wit and wisdom a poor substitute for your stupidity; and was scarcely sorry when the your stupidity; and was scarcely sorry when the boot which bore his knightship to his vessel was lost among the score or so that were darting this

lost among the score or so that were darting this way and that, like so many green and blue dragon-files at play on the rippling surface. The father and daughter stood awhile, looking over the Quarantine Harbor, and debating whether they should pay a certain call at Silema, the suburb beyond it. They had just decided to do so, when Mary espied Davies, the dean's servant, hurrying toward them. 'What is it?' asked the dean, when the man had come up with them.

'Your sister has arrived, sir!' he replied, breath-'Your sister has arrived, sir!' he replied, breath-

The dean looked down at him a moment, a faint expression of amusement on his face; and such was the kindly criticism of his attitude that the painter of his portrait could have wished for no better opporunity. 'I am glad,' he said at last, in measured accents, 'I am glad that you are not given to gossiping, Davies.'

The servant looked astonished, as well he might and colored. But he answered, 'Yes sir' and

and colored. But he answered, 'Yes sir' and touched his hat.

'I say, Davies, I am glad that you are not given to gossiping,' repeated the dean blandly, 'because if you were you would have learned, though you have not been with me long, that I have no sister. And consequently that it is impossible there should be any sister of mine at—the hotel, I think you said.'

'Well sir, she—I mean there is a lady lunching

I think you said.'

'Well, sir, she—I mean there is a lady lunching in your room, sir. I was told to let you know that she had arrived,' the man explained.

'Lanching in our room!' cried Mary, her curiosity aroused 'Good gracious, papa; do come. It must be some one who knows us very well.'

'If Davies's story be correct,' replied the dean, with ominous meaning, 'it must be some one who knows us very well. We will go and do the honors.'

They started on their climb up the narro Strada San Marco, while the servant, puzzled and chapfallen, toiled slowly up the steep pavement behind them. 'Who can it be?' asked Mary,

behind them. 'Who can it be?' asked stary, softly.

'My dear,' answered her father with a tinge of asperity, 'how can I tell? And what does it matter? I do not think that we have many friends of whom we have reason to be ashamed.'

Arriving at the hotel they found Angelo awaiting them on the stairs. His Southern face was aglow with eagerness to please. 'Your Excellency's sister has descended here, sare,' he cried, effusively rubbing his hands as he prepared to go before them to their sitting-room. 'She was too late for the table d'hote, and the crowd—ah, my eyes! it was tremendous! She takes a chop and tomato sauce in your Excellency's room.'

A chop and tomato sauce! And in their room! The passage was dusky. The dean's face—perhans it was better so—could not be seen. And he said nothing. But probably he thought a great deal.

A chop and tomato sauce! And in their room! The passage was dusky. The dean's face—perhaps it was better so—could not be seen. And he said nothing. But probably he thought a great deal. Probably he was not altogether unprepared for the sight which met his eyes when Angelo threw open the door. A tail, middle-aged lady, dressed in black, was sitting at the table facing them. Her long block cotton gloves lay by her plate. Her fan and sunshade were also on the white cloth. She looked up nervously, saw them and rose. There was a smell of gravy in the room. For all this, we have said, the dean was prepared. But not for what followed—for the intruder's immediate advance with hands outstretched. 'Fergus!' she exclaimed; and then, as he still stood motionless, she repeated piteously, Fergus! Surely you will say that you are glad to see me!'

The dean's gaze roving over her took in her full florid cheeks, her beady black eyes, her soaring bonnet; and it must be confessed that he blanched. He fell back a step. 'I think,' he said with stiff politeness, 'that there is some mistake here, Madam. My name is Fergus, it is true. But I do not think that I have had the pleasure of seeing you hafere.'

of seeing you before." She cried. "Why!" and she lifted her hands in astonishment, "you do not mean that after all these years you will not forgive and forget? That you will not let bygones be bygones, even now?" Years! Bygones!' the dean repeated incredulously, puzzled and confounded, if his manner eing you before.

might be trusted. 'I assure you most seriously that I do not understand you, my dear lady. To

that I do not understand you, my dear lady. To
the best of my knowledge we have never met.
Pray tell me for whom you take me.
'For my brother. Fergus Young—for the Dean
of Dromore, of course,' she replied so positively
that Mary was startled. 'And so that is my niece?
Mary, dear girl, you will speak to me? But
there, you never knew your aunt Alice.'
The de.n's face grew suddenly purple. 'The
woman is mad!' he gasped. 'Stark, staring mad!
She says she is my sister. I have no sister.'
'You had one, and I am that one!'
'I had one, and she die! years ago!' he answered, not as speaking to her, but to the room.
'Died? To you, you mean,' the woman replied
with a grating laugh. 'Come, get off your high
horse, Fergus. That is all over twenty years ago.
Do not discown me now.'

Do not disown me now.

horse, Fergus. That is all over twenty years ago. Do not disown me now."

'Disown you, woman!' the dean cried passionately—he was by nature a choleric man, and he could stand it no longer—it was too ridiculous. 'I never owned you!'

She eyed him a moment with a queer smile, while Mary watched them both. Then with a kind of dignity the woman gathered up her gloves and fan. 'Very well.' she said placidly, making as if she would pass them without more words, and go out, 'be it so, brother.'

'You still say that I am your brother?'

'I do. You know you are,' she replied calmly. The dean choked, recovered himself, choked again, and finally sputtered out, 'Then you are an impostor; madam! I say you are an impostor! And I shall expose you without mercy! It is my belief that you are trying to obtain credit in this hotel by the use of my name.'

'Nonsense, Fergus!' she rejoined in the tone of

Nonsense, Fergus!' she rejoined in the tone of a maiden aunt reproving an unreasonable school-boy. 'You know that that is not so. I have meney, and can pay for everything. The waiter will bear me witness that I directed him to put my luncheon down to No. 9. That is my number. Yeu will know where to find me should you change your mind, brother.'

She disappeared. And there could be no doubt

your mind, brother."

She disappeared. And there could be no doubt with whom lay the honors of the field. If ever a cleric longed for a layman who might give his feelings uncanonical expression, it was the dean at that mement. 'Well.' he exclaimed, dropping late a chair. 'Well.' getting up again as if he had sat on a pin, 'I never heard of such impudence! Never! I could scarcely have believed it if an angel had told me a woman could be so brazen!'

'But, papa,' said Mary, standing by him, per-plexed and frightened, 'do you think that she is

The dean shrugged his shoulders and spread out 'Or --- or --- . There can't be two deans of

Dromore?

He shook his head vaguely, walking to and fro: as if he would be responsible for no statement or fact after this. There might be two Popes of Rome. He would not say.

'Aunt Alice,' Mary said musingly. 'Of course Aunt Alice died twenty years ago.'

The dean stopped in his walk and glared at her.

'You—you had a difference with her, papa had you not?'

The dean seemed like to choke again. 'Let us understand one another,' he said grimly. 'Do you suspect me of denying my own flesh and blood,

of duty? he was saying.

Yes, it is better than being laid on the shelf, the colonel regiled. 'And you? You are talking life easily, I suppose? How long lave you been here?' His eyes strayed as he spoke to someone sitting opposite him.

How long?' the dean said, noting the direction of the glance with a covert smile. 'A month more or less. The place suits me. 'I have a quarrel with he over long one of the site of the glance with a covert smile. 'A month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month more or less. The place suits me. 'A' month perty daughter?' the old swan and more month perty daughter?' the old swan and more month perty daughter?' the old swan and more presently more and the place with heavy and the place with heavy and suits a good girl-a very good girl.' 'And that is your son talking to her?' 'You is a good girl-a very good girl.' 'And that is your son talking to her?' 'You son?' who is he?' asked the other. 'He is brigade-major here, a Major Maedonald, 'Ha! 'A son of Lord Maedonald of Glemmore, is he not? 'Eldest son?' 'Yees,' the dean admitted grudefingly. The lieve he is the eldest.' And if his friend chose to pat him on the shoulder, and to chuckle somewhat udely, why he could not help it. For this was no common colonel, but a man with half the alphabe hefore his name or after it: a man not lightly to be repulsed. Yet, some seeing him, a mean admitted error with the content of the present with the present laws, bording with the more related to the present laws took have hear of a girl at one healthy and sensitive. Her clear complexion, perhaps he way brown hair, were her fathers' but the soft lines of a mouth that seemed ever the own. She wore a

ed opposite us?'
No.' replied the dean steadily, appearing to take little notice, while Mary blushed to the tips of her fingers. 'I have no idea.' of her fingers. 'I have no idea.'
'Er'—with his eyeglass up—'such a very strange woman! Do you not think so, Miss Young?
To be here, you know?'

Mary murmured something which the major could not catch, for the woman in question was speaking loudly. 'Yes, it is a dreadful thing to be enstranged from one's family!' she was saying. 'I should know it if any one does.'

'I did not know—er—that such people had a family,' was the major's muttered company.

family, was the major's muttered commentary.

But, the lady in black continued, what I never would have believed is the unkindness 1 have received from my family abroad. My own

brother—
'Er—she is quite a character!' said the major.
He turned to the dean, but found him inattentive.
'Quite a character,' he continued, 'er-Miss

Young.'

'Oh, quite,' said Mary faintly.

Then the major, who was not a fool, his manner notwithstanding, detected something amiss in Mary's tone. Looking up quickly he found her coloring and confused, and saw something was wrong. He wondered amazedly what it was, but groped in vain, and gradually forgot the incident and its cause in murmuring matters more interesting to himself if not to her.

But it chanced that after dinner he lingered behind the dean a moment. There were only Angelo and Beppo in the room when he rose.

'Who is the lady in black, who sat—er—there, and talked so loudly. Angelo? he asked, moved only by lazy curiosity.

Angelo shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, while his curly hair sped down to his eyebrows and back again. 'Well, sare,' he answered, 'she says—but there! Pouf!' And again his scalp made a forced march.

'Well, what does she say?'

'She says she is the sister of the English gentleman you dine with.'

'What?' incredulously, emphatically. 'What?' 'She say so. He say no,' with indifference. 'Impossible!' Major Macdonald cried.

'She say so. He say no,' receated Angelo with a superb shrug.

'The major paused a moment to take it in—to take in even the idea of it, and moved away in 'Oh, quite,' said Mary faintly.

She say so. He say no. receated Angelo with a superb shrug.

The major paused a moment to take it in—to take in even the idea of it, and moved away in a maze. Or course the report was preposterous, absolutely so. He had the dean's word for it that it was not true. And yet—and yet the dean's stifiness and Mary's embarrassment when their attention had been called to this woman had not escaped him. He sent some excuse to the dean by one of the servants, and hurried to his quarters. If the truth must be told, he felt very uncomfertable, being the man he was.

For he had one weak spot in his character, had Andy Macdonald. He feared one thing to excess, and that was scandal. That the breath of it should come near him or his! Pah, the thought sickened him. He was Scotch; proud, honest, not very dull. He had never himself done anything of which he was ashamed, nor to the best of his belief had his people. He was manly in his way. He loved Mary Young much, but he feared scandal more. Poor Mary!

However she knew nothing yet, whatever she may have thought of his sudden indisposition. Nor did she or her father even hint at possibilities until the next afternoon. Then, as they were driving to the Gymkhana—the fortnightly garrison sports—in one of those pony chaises the hire of which seems so ridiculously low, the dean said, 'I suppose Macdonald will be here to give us tea?'

'Oh, yes, I think he said so,' Mary repited

said, I suppose interestant will be left to give tea?

'Oh, yes, I think he said so,' Mary repired hurriedly. But her face fell. The drive, hitherto a triumph for her, had lost its savor, or she her zest.

her zest.

On reaching the course they went at once to the stand reserved for the officers' friends, and she was quickly surrounded. But all the homage in the world was nothing to her now unless Andy Macdonald was of the party. And he had not

come.

He appeared presently, but in company with the Druitts, and ill at ease. Even when he left them and came to her there was a stiffness in his manner which she had no difficulty in interpreting. Yesterday his passion had shown him shy and awkward, but to-day he was silent and morose—a conscience-stricken man. And Mary knew, poor girl, that something of her mastery over him was gone.

gone.

But she hid her pain bravely. She sat with the Druitts at one of a dozen little ten-tables that were set out before the stand, and made believe to be the rayest of the gay. Her train of subalterns never dwindled, the hum about her never died away, her laugh never quavered. She looked into the major's troubled eyes and gave no sign. The dean stood on the outskirts of the group, his teacup

in one hand, his saucer in the other, his head delicately poised, and felt happy again in the full enjoyment of the sunshine and laugater and prettiness about him—felt himself. He was even laying down the law to the colonel, when there broke in upon their chat a third—a Major Ritherdon, one of Macdonald's brother officers and a steward of the sports. 'Dean,' he said warmly, after a word of greeting, 'why did you not write for another ticket?.

ticket?, 'Another ticket!' the dean repeated. 'For what purpose? You were good enough to send me two. 'For your sister,' replied Ritherdon in perfect

innocence.

'For whom?' Unfortunately the dean spoke to loudly that a score of ears in his neighborhood were opened, and half as many tongues grew silent. For whom, Major Ritherdon?'

Of course, Ritherdon saw that something was wrong. 'Well, she—I did not learn her name,' he stammered. 'Only that she was your sixer, my dear dean.'

'And you have brought her in here?' the dean cried roundly. He had thought that in this sacred inclosure at least he would be safe. 'Then let me tell you, sir, that she is an impostor! An imposter!' he repeated in wrath. 'I have no sister living. I have never seen the woman before, 'Oh Forms, ledden'.

living. I have never seen the woman before, Colonel Watts.

'Oh, Fergus, laddie!' cried a shrill voice.

The dean turned as if he had been shot, and found that terrible woman, black gloves and all, at a table behind him. 'Oh, Fergus, laddie, don't be unnatural!' she cried.

Purple went the dean's face. 'Woman!' he thundered. But there. What he said more was lost—lost and swallowed up along with propriety, good manners, and everything else in the inextinguishable peal of laughter which went up to the Maltese heaven. 'Oh, Fergus, laddie!' The woman's words as applied to the portly dignitary, her tone of exaggerated pathos, and the huge black-bordered handkerchief she waved—all fed the flame. Even Mary laughed. Only two stood within hearing and were grave. They were the dean himself, whose rage was boundless, and Major Macdouald.

Suddenly, as suddenly as it had arisen, the

Macdonald.

Suddenly, as suddenly as it had arisen, the laughter died down, and was succeeded by an awful silence. It is well that society does not often forget itself; the return to sanity is so dreadful. What was anyone to do? Apologize to the dean. Turn the woman out? Go on as if nothing had happened? No one knew; and Mary Young saved them the trouble of thinking long.

She rose. Something—perhaps some face on which her eyes had fallen—had driven the laughter from her lips, so that as she put her chair aside she looked as handsone as ever, but also a little litately. 'I think,' she said, helding out her hand to the colonel, before her father had regained his voice, 'if you will excuse us, papa shall take me away, Colonel Watts. We two will have our laugh out at lower.'

away, Colonel Watts. We two will have our laugh out at home.'

Half a dozen voices were raised at once in humble protest. But the one for which the girl was listening was not among them, though Andy Macdonald's heart was full of pride in her. He would have had his wife behave exactly as she had behaved, if the thing could have happened to his wife. But then there was that 'if' Such things had never happened to the Ladies Macdonald.

Yet the general feeling was with M.

donald.

Yet the general feeling was with Mary, though
the Druuts, her dear friends, might sneer.

Thanks to her courage the dean's dignity had come
through the ordeal almost unscathed. The
interloper, whom some of the 'young uns' had
begun to 'draw,' was left to herself, and presently
withdrew.

withdrew.

By that time the dean and Mary were at home.

She had kept her face turned from him during the drive, and they had not exchanged a word.

But when they stood in their sitting-room they looked at one another.
'Papa,' Mary said, her voice breaking, and the tears rising to her eyes, 'what is this?' Whatever does it mean?'

'Papa, Mary said, her voice breaking and the tears rising to her eyes, 'what is this? Whatever does it mean?'

'My dear,' he answered, with humility wonderful for him, 'I know no more than you do.'

'But—but you see what it is doing?' she cried piteously.

He could only nod; and she went to her room and cried her eyes out.

The dean took her words, and rightly, for an appeal. But he was as a bull in a net. He feit himself entangled, and resented the flimsy web which foiled him, yet he did not see how to free himself. He might have had recourse to the law, but he did not know how it could help him. He might have explained matters to Andy Macdonald; but the major had not spoken, and the dean was proud. He might have fied before the enemy and left Malta; but if he did this he must give up all hope of the attachment between his daughter and Macdonald coming to a happy issue. And that he could not face, for already he feared that her cheeks were losing their roundness. He saw that she was apt to be thoughtful when they were alone, however proudly she might have queened it in the Strada Reale a few minutes before. Or she was over gay—so gay that he was not deceived for a moment. Or she avoided his eyes; and at this his heart grew hot, and he longed to fall upon Andy Macdonald.

But this was impracticable. The man had not committed himself. And besides, to give him a black eye might not be the best way to rub out the dark stains that were gothering under Mary's.

Would anything do any good? That was the question. Gradually the dean came to think that

Would anything do any good? That was the question. Gradually the dean came to think that one thing only would, the removal even now of the cause of the mischief. The woman in black was still in the hotel. Since the fracas at the Gymkhana the Youngs had taken their meals in their own room, but again and again, in the halls or on the stairs, the dean had seen her and been made to shudder by her jeering laugh, or some or on the stairs, the dean had seen her and been made to shudder by her jeering laugh, or some wild word thrown after him. The poison she distilled made the place loathsome to him. There was but one way then. He could not justify himself, and it was dangerous; but fate provided him with the opportunity, and he let himself be tempted.

It happened some days after the sports. He

imself be tempted.

It happened some days after the sports. He was strolling disconsolately among the rocks, quantum mutatus ab illo, and was near the Sliema battery, a tolerably solitary spot, when he met the woman alone. She was close to the water's edge, and he went to her and spoke without preface. 'Madam,' he said, looking sternly at her, while she first started, and then smirked at him, 'I am aware that you are only here to annoy me.'

No, no; to regain your affection, brother,' she said in a mineing way that sorely tempted him to

No, no; to regain your attection, bottlets, said in a mineing way that sorely tempted him to strike her.

'Well, you do annoy me,' he answered dispassionately. 'I do not know what your motive may be, but I presume it is connected with money. Well, money you shall have. I am prepared to give you a hundred pounds if you will take yourself off to-morrow.'

The proposition was an abrupt one, and her face changed surprisingly. But he read in it none of the triumph for which he looked, only fear and suspicion. "It is a trap,' the woman said, looking up at him with her beady eyes. It is a trap.' But as she said this a second time her fingers began to clutch one another greedily.

'I do not wish to entrap you,' rejoined the dean, and I have no witnesses. However, those are my terms; if you refuse them I shall myself leave to-morrow. That is all.'

'I am not extorting money,' she said, asserting it sullenly after a long pause. 'You will remember that I have asked for nothing.'

'I shall not prosecute you,' he rejoined dryly, 'if you keep out of my way in future.

'I will promise to do that,' she answered briskly, 'and glad. There! I will take it,' she continued after a momentary hesitation, closing her lips tightly, as if she knew of some risk and were prepared to run it. 'When will you pay me?'

The dean paused to think. 'To-morrow at

The dean paused to think. 'To-morrow at noon,' he answered, 'and here. But only after I have seen your luggage in the hall and learned that you have given up your room.
'Right!' she said shortly, and nodded and went

'Right!' she said shortly, and nodded and went away at once.

'Right?' I hope it is not all wrong,' he groaned, as he went his way to khe Sliema landing-place by another road, and even then, seeing her on the steam ferry, had to take a rowing boat to cross the Quarantine Harbor, or go in her company.

Still he tried to assume the old aplomb now, assuring himself that his troubles were over. But he could not quite compass it. He was not broken to subterfuges and intrigues. Essentially an honest man, he failed to combine them with his natural dignity. When he stole away next day—half an hour late—to the rendezvous, he had the air of a whipped dean.

He came upon his accomplice before he reached the shore, at the corner of some gardens close to the battery. The woman was returning in anger, thinking that he had deceived her, but her face cleared on seeing him. 'Well,' said she roughly, 'have you got it?' She had dropped all pretence now of being a lady.

He glanced around to see if they were alone.

now of being a lady.

He glanced around to see if they were alone.
How he hated the whole thing: And then he handed the 'lacket to her. She counted the notes slowly, he eyeing her the while with aversion. 'Yes, they are right,' she said, going a pace or two from him while she put up the packet; and then turning again. 'You will see no more of me. I should have left you in peace to-day, whether or no, old gentleman.'

should have left you in peace to-day, whether or no, old gentleman.

This was no pleasant hearing, but the Dean did not answer; for one reason, because a man had appeared in the road behind her, and within earshot. If she had looked up as she stepped away before turning to utter that last bit of ill-nature, she would have seen this man. But she did not look up, and now she walked straight into his arms, and recoiled with a faint shriek.

The new-comer took her by the shoulder, and gave her a slight shake.

'Yes.' he remarked coolly, 'I have got to hear about this, my girl—all about it. What has this gentleman been giving you? And why do I find you living at the hotel like a lady while I have been away?'

She began to cry, answering nothing, and the

been away?'
She began to cry, answering nothing, and the stranger's face grew red. 'Perhaps you will explain's he said, turning with a kind of ferocity to the dean. 'Now, sir!' He was sturdy and middle-aged, wearing a semi-uniform, and apparently was not a gentleman. He was out of temper now, and altogether an ugly customer to tackle. Anyone could see that.

Nevertheless the dean answered quietly, 'It is her business,' but he breathed hard. 'Her business? She is my wife!' was the start-

ling reply.

Your wife, is she?' the dean exclaimed briskly.

'Your wife, is she?' the dean exclaimed briskly.

Then perhaps you will tell me who you are? And how your wife comes to be passing herself off as my sister?' This was a relief—the discovery of a

man in the matter: at first.

My name is Snell, the other answered curtly.

My name is Snell, the other answered curtly.

The man anon-commissioned officer in the Stores Department. And now that you know who I am, I will trouble you to tell me what you were giving

Tam a non-combissioned once the thirty partment. And now that you know who I am, I will trouble you to tell me what you were giving my wife.'

Some money—a hundred pounds,' the dean answered frankly: wondering in his innocence whether he were going to get it back.

'A hundred pounds!' And then the dean's eyes were opened, and his face grew hot.

Stay, stay!' he cried pitiably, for the other was clenching his fists with an unmistakable purpose, 'you misapprehend me altogether. Indeed you do, my good man. I am the Dean of Dromore. My name is Young. Your wife, with what motive I am quite unable to explain, has been troubling me by passing herself off as my sister.'

'As your sister!' incredulously.

'Certainiy,' the poor dean affirmed. 'And to rid myself of the annoyane, I perhaps foolishly gave her a hundred pounds, as you saw.'

'To do what?'

'To go away.'

'To go away.'

And you dare to tell me this, you reprobate!' the soldier cried furiously. 'Do you think that story will wash—that—that pack of lies? You, a dean, and tell me to my face that you offered my wife a hundred pounds to go away? Shame on you, old man! Shame! I say.'

Ah, if any of the subalterns in the —th whom his manners had oppressed could have seen the dean then! 'Oh, dear, dear! this is very terrible!' he murmured tremulously, looking about him for help. 'I assure you, my good man, you are quite wrong.'

'Wrong? I will soon show you who is wrong!' cried the sergeant vengefully; 'and—'

But the catastrophe was averted. 'Er!' ejaculated some one who had just turned the corner of the garden wall, 'er—what is the matter, dean? What is all this?'

The speaker was Major Andrew Macdonald. The sergeant pulled himself up and saluted—a machine

The speaker was Major Andrew Macdonald. The sergeant pulled himself up and saluted—a machine

once more.

The major had come upon the scene in the nick of time—only just in the nick of time—and yet the dean could not thank him—could for the moment do no more than smile feebly upon him and wave his hand in deprecation, while the sergeaut stiffly related his wrongs, or the wrongs he fancied.

That 'Rat' said the major after listening a memoral But, said the major, after listening a moment in silence, do I understand, dean, that you really gave the woman a hundred pounds? 'Yes,' the dean admitted. 'She will tell you—

Yes,' the dean admitted. 'She will tell you—
Why, the woman is gone!' in surprise.
'Oh, yes, she has gone!' the soldier retorted bitterly, his wrath, which the presence of the officer had partially suppressed, flaming up again. 'She has taken her money and her instructions, old gentleman, and gone! Deuce a doubt about it! And where are you going to meet her? That is what I would like to know!

'Be silent, Snell,' said the major But when he had said that he did not see his way any further. He stood looking at Mary's father gloomily, assured of his guilt. To give a hundred pounds to a pure impostor seemed to his Scotch mind an incredible piece of folly—a thing which no man in the dean's position, and of his years, would do. 'Why, you might have gone away yourself,' he mumured, following out his train of thought, and perhars calculating the expense of a removal to Algiers or Cairo.

mulmured, following out his train of thought, and perhaps calculating the expense of a removal to Algiers or Cairo.

'I wish to heaven I had!' the dean enculated carnestly. But he could scarcely tell the young man why he had not adopted that course. He could not explain, to him, his hopes about Mary—hopes now dashed to the ground and shattered beyond repair. Poor Mary! For the only doubt left in Macdonald's mind turned on the nature of the tie between the dean and this woman. Were the soldier's suspicions correct? Or was this vulgar Mrs. Snell really the dean's sister—a sister shamefully discowned and ill-treated? Was this dull non-commissioned officer the dean's brotherin-law? Macdonald shuddered at this, thinking of the escape he had had, and roused himself from a darkling scrutiny of the offender to say brusquely: 'Now, Snell, you had better come with me for the present. Good-day.'

The last words he flung at the clergyman as he turned, and nothing more. But they did the dean good. The sense of his folly had up to that time paralyzed him. Now, aware that his position was really serious, and that something more than folly might be imputed, he felt all the righteous indignation which a false charge confers on its victim. For a few minutes anger kept him from feeling miserable, or from thinking of Mary. But as he

nation which a faise charge confers on its victim. For a few minutes anger kept him from feeling miserable, or from thinking of Mary. But as he neared the hotel the sense of personal failure crushed him. A week ago he had been free from care. Then this thing had arisen—in its origin an absurd trifle; now so magaitled by his imprudence that the rest of his life might be spoiled by state shadow. its shadow. He loitered here and there to take breath as he

He loitered here and there to take breath as he climbed the steep staircase of a street, and looked up from time to time at the narrow wedge of deep blue sky which roofed it. But he saw nothing. All the beauty Valletta had held for him yesterday, all the pleasure us peeps of sea suddenly disclosed when least expected, its quaint houses, its airy walks on rampart and basticn had given him, witted a layer. existed no longer. He crept up to he room a

shaken man, and, glad to learn that it laughter was out, sat at the table gazing on its test tholished surface with eyes wide and sightless.

The dean sat thus, probably for half an houraweek it seemed to him, looking back on it with loathing afterward. And then a hasty knock at the door recalled him to himself. He looked up. 'Come in,' he said hoarsely. 'Well, what is it?'

the door recalled him to himself. He looked up.

'Come in,' he said hoarsely. 'Well, what is it?'
he centinued, his face darkening as he saw who
his visitor was, and rose to confront him. 'What
is it. Major Macdonaid?'

'Er-an apology. An abject and miserable apology,' was the answer. The young man stood before him turning his hat in his hands, looking unhappy and much ashamed of himself, and not a bit
priggish now. 'I have hurried here to offer it for
myself and for others—who should have been here
in person, for they are more in fault,' he added
with a touch of viciousness.

'Perhaps you had better explain,' said the dean
with hauteur. But hope was springing up fast
within him.

with hauteur. But hope was springing up last within him.

'It was all a hoax, sir. Some of those young fools in the —th got it up.' Andy replied impetuisly. They had a fancy that you rather—well rather sat upon them, you know, and they wanted to take you do——er, to have a return match, you see, and they put Mrs. Snell up to playing her part, finding that she had known a bit about you wants are.'

years ago." 'And was the acquisition of my hundred pounds part of the plot?' the dean asked wrathfully. But he knew in his heart that his anger was only a pre-

tence.

Oh, no! of course not. It shall be repaid at once. The woman took advantage of us all there. She is not too good a lot, I suspect, and has given Snell trouble before. But the fellows did not know that, or they would not have had anything to do with her. She had only been out here a few weeks, and being known to few, suited their plans expected.

"Umph!" the dean snorted.' And were you in this preci us conspinery, Majo. Macdonald?" 'Certainly not!' Andy hastened to answer with humility. "They did not say anything to me—er—because—Miss Young is not at home. I suppose?" with a change of subject, sudden, but fairly intelligible.

telligible.

'No,' said the Dean carelessly. 'I think she has gone as far as the Barracea. Well, I hope I shall hear no more of this foolish business.'

'You may depend on that, sir,' said the major. And then he took himself off with commendable

Of course his legs-or his heart-took him to the Of course his legs—or his heart—took him to the Barraeca; that great dismantled building on the highest point of Valletta, from which, as from a terrace, some of the noblest views in the south of Europe are to be enjoyed. There, gazing down on the life and color of the Grand Harbor, all the stir and bustle of which came up softened by distance—the distance of depth only—even as the same distance dwarfed the ships of war and the thousand tiny eraft at her feet, he found Mary. She was standing in one of the embrasures, leaning on the iron railing, engaged in contresting, it may be, this day and another. For when he spoke, she started, and did something to her eyes before she turned. 'Oh, Major Macdonaid!' she exclaimed, with a suspicious quiver in her voice. 'How you startled me!'

But there. Neither of them has ever confided to me exactly what passed between them. And though I guess—nay, I know, for the eternal fitness of things cannot be pushed asific even to accommodate a Macdonald—that our friend the major had at first a very sorry time, and was for some miscrable minutes spread-eagled, so to speak, in that lofty embrasure, a mark for his own scorn, yet all is well that ends well. Perhaps the lesson did him good. Perhaps it did not. Perhaps at only relieved a young lady's feelings, and solaced her pride. At any rate it was given, and it was brought to an end. And this, at least, is beyond doubt, that three very happy people sat down to dinner that evening in a certain private room at Durnsford's. The dean, indeed, had good reason to be satisfied. He never heard again of his pseudo-sister, or his indiscretion. The joke had been carried too far even for its players. Mrs. Snell clung obstinately to her hundred pounds. Her husband declined to interfere. It was out of the question that the dean should suffer. So the youngsters of the —th had to put their hands in their pockets, and find about twenty-five pounds apiece. And that was what their jest cost them.—(Cornhill.

A CONVENIENT CUR From The Minneapolis Tribune.

"Daniel," said the President, as he started from the White House, "Daniel, I am going to make a speech. Which do I use to-day, 'consecration' or 'sacred obligations'?"

"Ah, sire, that depends on thy dress. 'Sacred obligations' accompanies thy pepper and salt suit, while 'consecration' goes with thy rusty Prince Albert every trip."

IN THE CHURCH PORCH

GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Not long ago I indulged in some good-natured criticism of choirs. The subject is an inexhaustible one. For instance, I heard the other day of a noted tenor of Baltimore who was rendering a solo in Warren's "Te Deum," and mistaking the instructions for the organist as to the use of the stope for the words of the "To Deum," sang out at the top of his voice, "Pedal, great gamba, and swell," amazement of the congregation. Another instance even more absurd was that of a well-known baritone singer in the same church who on another occasion placed the slur on the wrong note. He had adapted the air of "The Jewish Maiden" to a bymn beginning Before the Lord we bow," and instead of placing the slur on the first two syllables he placed it on the last one and rendered it thus: "Before the Lord we bow-wow-wow." The effect was immense.

There is a perceptible reaction in favor of a religious education. But I cannot believe with some enthusiastic churchmen that we are coming back to the old New-England ideal of religious colleges. Some colleges like Princeton will doubtless retain for a long time their denominational impress. But the day is coming when even the denominational colleges will to a large extent cease to be denominational, although in a certain sense they will doubtless remain religious. But it needs a good deal of religion in a college to satisfy some people. A few weeks ago some one in a Baltimore paper denounced Johns Hopkins University as a hotbed of atheism, all because denominational Christianity is not formally recognized in it. But, as has been said, the University is not irreligious; it is simply non-re-ligious, and in the nature of the case must be so. No distinctively irreligious University could live for a year in this country.

The American Board controversy over future probation is losing its interest, even for those who have been taking such an active part in it. It would be hazardous for an outsider to venture an opinion as to its merits. But it is a foregone conclusion that the conservatives will eventually have to yield some of their positions. The new theology leaders in the Congregational Church are nearly all men of mark. They are in sympathy with the needs and aspirations of the age, and while they hold firmly to the essentials of the old faith, they do not hesitate to modify its outward expression in conformity to the thought of the age. Even the conservatives are beginning to think that a barren controversy about a theological opinion is a waste of time.

Whenever the clergy take a hand in politics, they are promptly reminded by everybody what poor pollticians they are. Indeed, as long as a clergyman' chief business is to prepare sermons, I doubt if it is wise or prudent for him to take the stump. Dogmatism doesn't do in politics, and by his training the clergyman is always dogmatic. He is also apt to be credulous when he ought to be incredulous, and vice versa. He does not understand that in politics compromise is often the only possible course, nor can convinced that a good and desirable policy must be supported by all sorts of people, who hold all sorts of opinions on questions other than political. The clergyman who withdraws from a political party because a prominent member of that party happens to nold agnostic views, shows a lack of good sense and good indement that excites the contempt of many men of the world. Of course it is not denied that a clergyman so acting may be, and doubtless is, an upright and conscientious man. But he shows a childish inability to understand that catholic toleration of opinion which is so necessary in carrying on the great affairs of life, and he provokes the old sneer—as unjust as it is brutal—that there are three sexes, men, women

Professor Swing thinks that the divisions of Christianity work one benefit in the small towns. They make the services more homelike, because the con gregations are smaller. The Calvinists, the Methodists, the Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Congrega-tionalists and the Romanists must build, in order to accommodate in each separate sanctuary a sixth part of the church-going citizens. Therefore each house of worship is small, and although such multiplying of creeds and buildings is bad financial and spiritual economy, yet the man who has fled from the crowds and fumult of a city finds a decided pleasure in a church service in which all might join hands with the preacher without his leaving his desk, and all can speak a good morning to each other with the eyes One seems to be a part of the choir. could hand a fan to the minister. One could ask the soprano why she was not at the cheir meeting the night before? or where she had caught such a cold? Suddenly, in such narrow confines, the House of God has become a home. He seems nester to each one. All seem nearer to each other. The little children seem welcome, because the pomposity of wealth and splendor being far away, there is nothing to hinder Jesus from taking them up in His arms.

next fifty years all the non-Episcopal Protestant churches will have a liturgy and vestments. I think he is mistaken. The tide of aestheticism, or, if you please, of religious feeling, that now seems to be run ning that way, will recede. At heart the American people have no love for elaborate ceremonials or uniforms. And when we attempt anything in that line ridicule. To me it seems more likely that the great Roman Catholic and Anglican communions in this country will gradually abate somewhat of their ritual and vestments. The democratic movement, which is so powerfully affecting every other institution, will not spare even these venerable churches.

A well informed clergyman has been writing in "The Congregationalist" about the great gains of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. German Protestantism is unable to hold its own against the cld Church with is army of zealous and devoted priests and laymen. Even in that stronghold of Protestantism, Halle, Catholicism is gaining. This is only another instance showing the wonderful recuperative power possessed by the Roman Catholic Church. Relatively it is always stronger in a Protestant country than in a country

The large number of church members who take only much encouragement from the speech of a Boston clergyman at the convention of Christian Endeavor Societies at Chicago. "What is the use," asked this gentleman, "of discussing foreign missions when there are 10,000 foreign infidels and idol worshippers landing on our shores every month. There is ample room for foreign missionary labor right in the United States. Boston, with 600,000 people, has no more than 25,000 members of Protestant churches; New-York, with 2,000,000 people, has less than 90,000 Protestants, and Chicago, with 800,000 people, has fewer than 100,000 Profestants. There are 2,860,000 people in these three cities who do not attend our churches. Why, then, should we go to India or China, or Germany or Italy, to preach the Gospel? If the Bible is true, those who do not believe on the Lord Jesus have nothing before them but eternal punishment. These 2,860,000 people are on the road to eternal destruction. About

80,000 die and go to perdition every year."

While this sort of harsh dogmatism will disgust a large number of sincere Christians, it has the great merit of frankness and honesty. If any considerable number of Christian preachers really believe it, they would so burn with zeal in saving souls from eternal torment that the whole world would soen be evangelized. But this elergyman represents a small minority of the Christian world of to-day.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in Good Words. I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold!—the East grew red
With morning.

I sighed that merry Spring was forced to go, And doff the wreaths that did so well become her; But whilst I murmured as her absence, lo!— 'Twas Summer. I mourned because the daffodils were killed By burning skies that scorched my early postes; Ent whilst for those I pined my hands were filled With roses.

Half-broken hearted I bewailed the end Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend
And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged.
Only that something better may be given;
Until at last we find this Earth exchanged
For Heaven. HOW WASPS VENTILATE THEIR HOMES.

HOW WASPS VENTILATE THEIR HOMES.
From Golden Days.

An English gentleman lately took a small wasps' nest, about she size of an apple, and, after stupetying its inmates, placed it in a large case inside of his house, leaving an epening for egress through the wall. Here the nest was enlarged to a feet in diameter, helding thousands of wasps, and he was able to watch their movements, and noted one new fact—namely, their systematic attention to ventilation. In het weather, from four to six wasps were continually stationed at the hele of egress, and, while leaving space for entrance or exit, created a steady current of fresh air by the exceedingly rapid motion of their wings. After a long course of this vigorous exercise, the ventilators were relieved by other wasps. During cool weather only two wasps at a time were usually thus engaged.

INHERITED DISEASES

In the realm of disease the facts of inheritance are

most numerous and are daily accumulating. Here, alas, they become terrible, fateful and overwhelming. No fact of nature is more pregnant with awful meaning than the fact of the inheritance of disease. It

meets the physician on his daily rounds, paralyzing his art and filling him with dismay. The legend of the ancient Greek pictures, the Furies, is pursuing families from generation to generation, rendering them desolate. The Furies still ply their work of terror and death, but they are not now clothed to the garb of superstition, but appear in the more intelligible, but no less awful form, of hereditary dis-

Modern science, which has illuminated so many dark corners of nature, has shed a new light on the ominous words of the Scriptures, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Instances of hereditary disease abound. Fifty per cent of cases of consumption, that fearful destroyer of families of cancer and scrofula, run in families through inheritance. Insanity is hereditary in a marked degree, but, fortunately, like many other hereditary diseases, tends to wear itself out, the stock becoming extinct. A distinguished scientist truly says: " No organ or texture of the body is exempt from the chance of being the subject of hereditary disease." Probably most chronic diseases which permanently modify the atructure and functions of the body are more or less Hable to be inherited. The important and far-reaching practical deductions from such facts-affecting so powerfully the happiness of individuals and families and the collective welfare of the nation-are obvious to reflecting minds, and the best means for prevent ing or curing these disesses is a subject of intense interest to all. Fortunately nature has provided a remedy, which experience has attested as infallible, and the remedy is the world-famous Swift's Specific. a pure vegetable compound-nature's antidote for all blood poisons. To the afflicted it is a blessing of inestimable value. An interesting treatise on " Blood and Skin Diseases" will be mailed free by THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., addressing Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

SAILING IN MID-AIR.

RECOMMENDING \$100,000 FOR THE SHIP. DR. JACKSON DISCUSSES THE SCHEME NOW BE.

FORE CONGRESS.

The Congressional Committee on Acoustics and Ventilation has recommended an appropriation of considerably over \$100,000 to enable Mr. De Bausset to construct a large air ship in accordance with certain plans of his own. The fact that the appropriation is recommended by a committee on Acoustics and Ventilation is not likely to inspire confidence in the scheme, for it is hard to conceive what possible connection there can be between acoustics and aerial navigation, or between balloons and ventilation. But Congress will be called upon in due time to pass upon the recommendation. The subject is an interesting one, concerning which most people possess opinions but few have knowledge-Congressmen included. To get in-formation from a competent authority a reporter of "The Tribune" called on Dr. Walter M. Jackson, the well-known inventor and physicist, who has himself made several balloon ascensions and at one time made

a special study of the subject. Dr. Jackson had just dined, which may or may not have had something to do with his consenting to be interviewed. At all events he consented readily and

good naturedly. "As I understand the scheme." said Dr. Jackson, when the subject had got fairly broached, "it is pro-posed to construct an air ship to transport passengers and freight and the Government is called upon to furnish the money. I believe the Government can well afford to encourage inventors in almost any direction, but such encouragement should be wisely bestowed, otherwise all the cranks and pseudo-scientists in the country will be knocking at the door of our National Treasury and there will soon be an end of the surplus. I am not a bear in any sense when considering anything progressive, but give the widest range to possible achievements. But there are things so manifestly incompatible with good dynamics that no one would be justified in expending time or money to demonstrate their insignificant success or

total failure." "One would infer that you are not favorably impressed with this particular scheme !"

"I am not favorably impressed with any form of aerial navigation as a means of mercantile trans-Dalloons may amuse persons at exhibit tions or they may be well employed in time of war for taking observations of the enemy's position-always at a safe distance. But balloons, no matter how or of what constructed, are all subject to a very damaging principle of diturbance—un-uniform, tricky, inconstant and ficide winds. What would a vessel do at sea if the waters in which she floated had a habit of running in various directions at a speed of from one to sixty miles an hour at a moment's notice?

"She wouldn't be able to stick to anything like

NOT ABLE TO MAKE SCHEDULE TIME. "I should say not. Now let us examine this par-ticular aerostat. If the figures are correctly reported like a spindle, pointed at both ends. Thus (here the doctor took up pencil and paper and did some figuring.) her capacity would be 3,141,600 feet. Now the projector, instead of filling her with gas, as is usually done with balloons, intends to preserve inside a partial vacuum, the degree being three-quarters of an

Here the Doctor again did some figuring and then read off the result as follows: "As the atmospheric pressure is fourteen and

seventy-five one-hundredths of a pound to the square inch, the partial vacuum will be equal to eleven and six one-hundredths, and, therefore, the weight of contained air is equivalent to 14.75 minus 11.06, equal 3.69. A cubic foot of air weighs .0765 of a pound. Subtract from this one-quarter of itself and the result gives the theoretical buoyant power of the balloon. .0574. If the cubical contents of the airship be 3,141,600 feet, that multiplied by .0574 of a pound

3,141,600 feet, that multiplied by .0574 of a pound equals 180,328 pounds, which is the theoretical lifting power of the balloon."

"That is a precious big load for a balloon to lift.a"

"Yes, but observe I said theoretical. We have not yet taken into consideration what the balloon itself weighs. We have arrived at only one side of the account. It would hardly be expected that a ship of such dimensions would be constructed of anything except steel, since aluminum is not yet cheapenough to be afforded. The shin of the aerial vessel certainly ought to be an eighth of an inch thick to hold its form, even when well braced against 11.06 pounds differential outside pressure to the square inch. The exposed surface of the air ship would be 125,844 square feet. This multiplied by 11.06 pounds shows the atmospheric pressure which it has a resist. You can work it out yourself. Suppose you take a turn at figuring."

A MERE QUESTION OF ARITHMETIC.
"Why, it is 22,138,513 pounds:"

"Yes, that's just the pressure that it's get to resist. Now, let us see what it would weigh if con-

sist. Now, let us see what it would weigh if con-structed of one-eighth inch steel plates. Its surface area is 125,664 square feet. This will make its weight 628,320 pounds, and we made its lifting capacity 180,328 pounds."
"But how is 180,328 pounds going to lift 628,320

22,325 pounds, and we made its mans 180,328 pounds."

But how is 180,328 pounds going to lift 625,320 pounds?

"It can't do it any more than you can lift yourself by your bootstrajes and fly away into space. It's a case of 180,328 pounds voting to rise and 628,320 pounds voting to stay, and by a majority of 447,092 pounds a balleon so constructed would stick to mother earth. Even suppose that he makes his plates only one-sixteenth of an inch thick, then, not taking into account the angle iron or steel that would then be necessary for bracing, and which would, in my judgment, weigh quite as much as the plates, there would still be a balance of 123,322 pounds to anchor the air-ship to the ground. And this without a pound of freight, machinery or passengers. After all, there is no nystery about what makes a balloon float in the atmosphere. It is only a question between the weight of the balloon and the weight of the atmosphere which it displaces. If the balloon weighs less than the displaced atmosphere then it will float, if it weighs more then it won't float.

"Possibly the inventor has some marvellously light and strong material, of which he intends to sour struct his air-ship?

"I should hardly count that among the possibilities. But even supposing that he could make his air-ship to weigh less than the displaced atmosphere, that is, less than 180,328 pounds, and still have a shell capable of rosisting without collapse a pressure of 200,138,313 pounds, then an enormous power would have to be located in the ship to maintain the three-quarter vacuum is since almost every practical physicist has experienced sore difficulty in perpetuating a partial vacuum in seven very small closed chambers and when their would craw! In under the universal 11.06 pounds pressure to the square inch to keep a very large engine constantly employed. Add to this the engines incomment of things required in such an artel monster and I of things required in such an artel monster and I of things required in such an artel monster and I of thi